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Congo News Letter

JULY 1940

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BELGIUM INVADED — CONGO CARRIES ON

As this number goes to press the news of King Leopold's capitulation has just stunned Congo and the world. Three weeks ago Belgium was a free neutral nation, resolutely keeping faith with all its neighbors in the effort to maintain its neutrality. To-day it is again overrun by the German armies, and French and British forces are fighting a desperate rear-guard action on the last corner of Belgian soil remaining unconquered. So quickly does modern warfare engulf whole peoples and change the fate of nations.

The outstanding impression one gains here at Leopoldville is the amazing courage with which all classes of people have met the catastrophe. Few among them but have relatives in occupied territory. Many have children in Europe, whether still in Belgium or among the refugee hordes in France and England they cannot know. Many of them lived through the horrors of the previous occupation of Belgium — and some say frankly that they would rather die than do it again. Yet all alike have gone about their daily tasks with a calm steadfastness that is itself heroic.

For eighteen days the news has grown steadily worse, the tension more frightful. First the break-through at the Albert Canal; then the successive withdrawals in the face of an unbelievably rapid advance across the Ardennes; then the thrust across the Meuse, involving the loss of Brussels

and Antwerp; then the German advance to the sea, cutting off the armies in Flanders from their bases in France; finally, and most unexpected blow of all, the surrender of the Belgian army by King Léopold without consulting either his Allies or his Government.

The explanation of this final disaster is certainly not yet revealed; but the Belgian Government seems to have taken the only courageous and practicable measure in dissociating itself from the King's action and continuing the struggle, with what means remain to it, from headquarters to be established at some place not yet announced.

Congo Belge is thus thrown on its own resources and responsibility to an unprecedented degree. There will doubtless be some dislocation of supplies and communications; but thus far there has been extremely little confusion and no panic. Everyone, white and black, trusts the government to take all necessary measures with resolution, calmness, and good sense. New markets and new sources of supply will be found as rapidly as possible. Already a fortnightly freight and mail service to New York has been set up. Foods and medicines will come increasingly from South Africa. Customs clearance, formerly handled at Antwerp, will now take place at Matadi. Similar adjustments of many details will follow as the need arises. The readiness with which they are effected and the efficiency with which officials and others are meeting this crisis are admirable.

No doubt many friends of the Missions will be wondering what effect this extension of the war is having on the missionaries. So far, as I have indicated, very little. Some goods have doubtless been lost at Antwerp, including printing paper and school supplies. (The narrower page of this number of the CONGO NEWS LETTER is necessitated by the use of such paper as is available; and its reduced size is designed to conserve supplies on hand.)

Travel is rendered very difficult. The Matadi–New York boats do not carry passengers; and boats via Cape Town are more than full. But the daily round of work is hardly changed at all, and the urgency of our task is heightened by the realization that the days of freedom to pursue our mission unchallenged and unmolested may be few. What the future holds in store none of us can foresee; but we go on in the confidence that while

"the old order changeth, yielding place to new"

it is still true that

"God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

George W. Carpenter

CLANGING CYMBAL

" If I could speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but am destitute of love, I have but become a loud-sounding trumpet or a clanging cymbal ..... And if I ... give up my body to be burned, but am destitute of love, it profits me nothing." These words must scorch their meaning into the hearts of all Christian workers.

I have sometimes spoken crossly to my children — and later it took a lot of explaining to straighten things out. In the end I had to reason with them and assure them. That method should have been used in the first place. Although I believe I have tried, most of the time, to be an understanding mother, they surprise me sometimes by recalling some injustices they felt I inflicted upon them in early childhood. If I had realized their little minds were storing away all evidences for, as well as against me, that they can now recall at will, I believe I would have been more CAREFUL.

Our relationship with the Congo people is in many ways analogous to that of parents and children. Not long ago we had a letter from a Kimpese student family now

back in the field asking, "Why don't you write to us? Don't you know we feel towards you as though you were our father and mother that gave birth to us?" Of course a better missionary relationship is one of brother to brother and to that goal we must work.

When we are unfair to our own children, we have many opportunities to adjust our differences, but our grievances with the Congo people are more difficult of adjustment. They are so many and we are so few. Malutama, one of our best Congo Christians, once told me, "Mama, we read the missionary's life like an open book." They watch us all the time. Even when we are talking English, they study our faces and our tone of voice. What we do speaks more clearly and plainly for Christ than our preaching. Just lately a Congo young man said, "I tied up my heart, I would not listen to what that missionary would say about Jesus and love, because his acts are very bad."

In blazing a path for Jesus Christ to enter Congo we should be very sure it is Christ's road we are building. If not when we look back over the work of years we will find no path. It has all grown up with the weeds of hatred and misunderstanding. We can inflict some punishments and make some rules but if we do not take time to talk it all over with those most concerned, we will not open their hearts to Christ. The use of force without explanation will only harden their hearts. We must be willing to answer their whys. We must take time out to reason with them.

We can go rough shod ahead blazing a trail. Some of our village teachers have been known to beat their children until they gave their contributions to the Lord's work. Force is the easiest way to get results quickly but in the end it kills the church.

Wrongs and injustices wrankle in men's hearts. It seems

that the human heart remembers a wrong longer than a beautiful kind act. Probably that is to preserve the race. Be that as it may, no wrong can be righted by another wrong and no injustice can be rectified by another injustice. The way of Jesus IS the only way — love.

A missionary may spend his or her life working for the people. In trying to teach them better ways of living he may scold them. Scolding is a form of force. It is coercion. This does not build up an attitude of trust. The people are on one side of the abyss and the missionary on the other. They cannot cooperate. They do not understand one another. Both the people and the missionary are unhappy and disillusioned. When the missionary is working FOR not WITH the people, he is working on BY-ROADS that are not Christ's WAY, and he then becomes a clanging cymbal. "If I give my body to be burned but am destitute of love it profits me nothing,"

Ruth Engwall

THE CARE OF ALL THE CHURCHES

The apostle Paul was burdened with "the care of all the churches" and from Paul's day to ours the Christian missionary's responsibility has been no less than this. Direct evangelization must be left largely in the hands of the native workers but to the missionary falls the task of leading a young and growing Church out into the fulness of its privileges and responsibilities. The Tondo Church, for all of its forty-six years, has much to achieve in matters of growth and the assumption of responsibility, but we are progressing and keeping our eyes looking forward.

One forward step has been the election of men and women who would more nearly approximate the office of deacon and deaconess than any officers we have had

hitherto. We have had men styled pastors in some sections, deacons in others, but who really are supervisors of districts. We felt that the time was ripe for the choosing of others to exercise the office of deacon in the Scriptural meaning of the term. After carefully explaining the work of a deacon, and discussing the matter with our leaders and teachers the plan of action was decided upon.

Elections were held at church centres. However, none of our people had had experience of a real democratic election, and scarcely any knew enough to be trusted with a ballot. Voting couldn't be open, for everybody voting for Joshua would regard all the voters for Moses with malevolent eyes, and after the meeting there would be so much scrapping between them that neither Moses nor Joshua would care which one was elected. Palm kernels solved the difficulty. The church members were told what was wanted — men and women, to be their representatives for the period of one year, who would do the work of deacons, caring for the needy, assisting at the Lord's Supper, encouraging their brethren in faith and works, and also caring for their paid workers. A blackboard was set up and nominations were received. They were presented in an orderly fashion. When sufficient names had been put up, a quiet and private spot was chosen outside the main church building and there were deposited as many wicker baskets as there were candidates. Outside the precinct was heaped a large pile of palm kernels. Inside there was stationed a neutral observer. One by one the voting constituency stepped out of the church, across to the booth, and picked up as many palm kernels as there were deacons and deaconesses to be elected. Once inside, those who could not read the name slips attached to each basket were told by the neutral obsever to whom each basket belonged, and having learned, deposited one palm kernel in the basket of each

candidate of their choice.

It was really quite successful. But there was old Sarah who came in and dumped in all four of her palm kernels into one basket, and Methuselah who declared that he liked the entire lot of candidates and would like to see them all get in, and thought it would be divisive to choose some and leave others out in the cold. The young people marched in confident and business-like. They ignored any attempt to have name slips read to them, glanced quickly at them, placed their kernels in their special candidates' baskets and retired. Thus were deacons and deaconesses elected in all the church dis tricts of the Tondo field.

On the whole these men and women have been wisely chosen. They had an opportunity recently to prove their worth. For a long time it had been evident that a change in the manner of handling the finances was overdue. From the beginning the outpost teacher had been paid by the missionary and so he considered himself the mission's employee. It mattered not how much of his salary was raised by the native church and the native church didn't care either, because it too regarded the teacher in its midst as the paid worker of the white mission. Depression days hit us, funds began to drop, the money bag distinctly sagged, and teachers got less and less. They then began to realize that the bulk of their funds depended on what their own fellow Christians raised, and that the rest was a gift from foreign sources — a gift moreover which was not by any means stable or guaranteed. So for nearly ten years outpost workers got but a fraction of their former pay, the head men sharing in the proportionate cut — sharing tearfully, protestingly, and pleadingly, because the missionary told them they had to share or the teachers would rise up in revolt. When told that the day must

come when they would handle the money and not the missionary they recoiled in horror, for, knowing their own recalcitrance, they had vivid ideas of the row that would take place when they tried to handle the teachers' money instead of a white missionary replete with authority and prestige.

The day has come, and in large measure the deacons have won the victory. Each district was put on its own, money no longer to be pooled. When money was pooled the sections where standards of living were higher than others never benefited by their inceased giving, and the poorer sections stood to gain. And nobody ever felt that it was native-raised money being spent for native conducted work. Now we have three districts which have been entirely self-supporting for eight months, the other five have required help. The first self-supporting district came in, laid its funds on the table, and considered the spending of them. The deacons and the deaconesses decided that as every teacher was getting quite a little bit more than he had before it would be a fine idea to put away some of the money and not spend it all on teacher's salaries, so some was put by. The next self-supporting district decided to spend some of their money on clothes for boys of their regional school, so some was put aside for this purpose. These three self-supporting districts were able to pay their teachers better than before — they worked their heads off to do it — and they have something besides a small cash reserve in the bank, they have a new-found maturity and confidence that is going to be a big step toward making and developing independent upstanding Christian people out of uninformed irresponsible groups looking to the mission for a hand-out.

The head man of one district, not self-supporting, put up a very earnest plea to me, the same old earnest plea of former times, for more pay. To be sure he was

not getting nearly all the pay he was supposed to receive, but neither were the teachers working under his supervision. Happily I turned his case over to the deacons sitting by. One of them handled it superbly. "Elder," he said, "we appreciate greatly the work you are doing in our midst, we appreciate the way you have left your own village to come here, and we should be very sorry to see you leave us because your pay was insufficient. But, Elder, take a glance at the present pay of our teachers, look at your own and see how already it is very much in advance of theirs. It ought to be, we think you ought to be the best paid worker, since you are our Elder, but if we give you any more at the expense of these others the disproportion will be so great that you will find your teachers will rise up against you. Take your money as we have divided it, and let us go back and increase our efforts to raise funds so that we may be able to give you more the next time." The Elder was quiet, I was saved the embarrassment of former times, and a deacon had measured up nobly to his task.

H. D. Brown

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1898—

STEVEN BANGU: Steven Bangu, Kikwakwa's closest life friend, was baptized in 1895. We had come to know these two in 1894, as they were sitting beside the trail outside their village discussing the word of God and Christianity, before they took the step in 1895. Bangu told me, after many years, how superstitious they had been, even after their conversion. The witch-doctors had said that when the Christians were baptized they saw the departed spirits under the water, for the people in Sona Bata district believed that people's souls went under water after death. So the day these two were to be baptized

Bangu agreed with Kikwakwa that coming up again after baptism each one should shake his head in the negative, but nod if he had seen the spirits. He said, smiling, that both shook their heads, so another fear was checked off.

Bangu's father was a Christian, petit-chief and brother of the village chief. Chief Nsamba was also the village blacksmith. Bangu's mother was a pretty woman, graceful and quiet, a Christian. When she died her body was wrapped in costly cloth for burial. Bangu's first wife was a converted witch-doctor who exposed to all the pretentions and evils of the "guild". His second wife, Ma Nkasa, was fine too. They had several lovely children and Ma Nkasa asked us to care for them, because she wanted to be like us, she told me, and go out to help her husband in evangelistic work. Ma Nkasa died from sleeping-sickness in 1913. Bangu's third wife was a nice girl from our boarding school. This girl had learned in our mission school that the Belgian government would free girls whom the relatives wanted to force into heathen marriages, so Mansanga had bravely refused a bully of a man and, in time, married Steven Bangu.

The government had asked Bangu to become a medal chief, but he would not accept this honor; he chose rather to suffer with his Christian brethren in seeking to win hundreds of his people out of darkness into the glorious light. Steven Bangu was chosen to assist in baptizing the many converts.

* * * *

THE NELSONS ARE BACK: October 18, 1898, we were happy to welcome the Nelsons back. They had left their two little ones with friends in Nebraska. A baby girl had died in Chicago. Mr. Nelson built their temporary home and by New Years relieved me of the medical

work; five thousand sick folk came for help in 1898. Mr. Nelson also was glad to take his share in teaching our teacher-preachers at the station and in preaching. He baptized many converts in the glorious awakening.

* * * *

MVUKA'S TRANSFORMATION: We met Mvuka in 1894, in Kifwa village at the old chief's funeral. He was about thirty years old, tall, strong and well built, but his face looked fierce and his voice was hoarse and angry. He opposed the gospel and tried to hinder others from becoming Christians. During the continued awakening which began in 1896, the Spirit worked in Mvuka's heart. He saw old and young happy in their new life. Their testimonies he heard every night, as there was worship outdoors by campfires in his village. One day as Fred was passing Mvuka's house he saw him sitting on the doorstep counting his brass rods. Fred, after their greeting, asked Mvuka what he was doing, and the answer was: "I am counting my money to pay my debts for I want to become a Christian and be baptized."

Mvuka was baptized in 1897. There was a great change during his years of transformation. He became a new man, mild and gentle, always smiling and pleasant. He had been a palmwine tapper and seller, but he came to Fred telling him that he could not do that work any more. Fred taught Mvuka the formula for making soap from palm-nut oil, for the oil palm in Congo will either give nuts which make palm oil and a delicious gravy by boiling the outer part of the nuts (and then the palm kernel gives a precious oil almost as good as butter) or it will give just palmwine, when the wine tapper climbs to the top with the aid of his rattan strap and his feet, amputating the "hand" at the wrist (the base of the flower stem)

from where the palmwine flows out into the gourd, inserted. The fingers, which look almost human, are long and numerous. They are the flowers for producing nuts, but are sacrificed for a "pleasant drink".

But "Cleanliness only comes next to Godliness" and soap was not known as a cleaning agent to the hundreds of new converts around in the villages. I never will forget poor Mvuka returning from the market, perspiring, and putting down from his shoulder the box filled with nice long pieces of soap which he had made. He had sold only a few. But the time came when soap was appreciated and sold well at all markets.

Mvuka owned a flintlock gun and hunted anything he could find to eat. In Congo men love to carry a gun on their shoulder when going on the road, just as they carried a spear when guns were not known. One day a man in his village was blamed for stealing rubber and the soldiers were sent to tie him up. Mvuka happened to return from another village where he had been to visit a sick relative so the sold ers tied up Mvuka together with the offender, because Mvuka carried a gun. Some of Mvuka's friends came to Fred asking him to seek the officer's consent to release Mvuka. But Fred told them how Paul and Silas were tied up and how they sang and praised God while the prisoners listened, and thus the keeper with all his house were converted. "If Mvuka is a good man he will he do the same. Perhaps the Lord may have some reason for permitting him to be tied up," said Fred. This pleased the Christians and all prayed earnestly for Mvuka, that God would help him out.

The following Saturday Mvuka was released and sent home to his village. Sunday there was great rejoicing in our church. Mvuka had been faithful. He was asked to tell the congregation of his experience and this was his

story: "You all know that I am a changed man and that I do not steal now. I was tied up but I had done no wrong; the Lord knows it. In the evening the soldiers put one man and one woman in a room as you know is their custom but I refused to have any woman with me. I prayed and preached to the prisoners and to the soldiers who then told me that I was right. All listened well to my words. Then the soldiers went to the officer and told him that there was a prisoner who must be a Christian for he prayed and sang for all. Hearing that, the officer sent the soldiers to release me." Mvuka's wife and children were Christians. A son, first trained by us, became the "right hand" of the railway doctor.

* * * *

MENGI'S CONVERSION: Mengi was born a free man in Kinkoko village. One day his oldest brother took him with him to the big chief's town, Mbuba, thirty-five miles to the north of their village, to trade. His brother, who had never seen a white man before, was so frightened by the sight of a state officer who happened to be there that he ran away home, leaving Mengi behind. Mengi was taken by the Mbuba chief and made a slave. He was a little fellow and could not run away, for he did not know the way home, and his brother never came back to look for him.

About two years later, in 1890, we opened up mission work in Kindzila district, and in 1891 Mengi was sent to work for Fred. He attended school and soon learned to read and write, as well as work on the compound. Then he became our cook, for which work we paid him. He confessed conversion in 1894 and was baptized. In 1895 we moved our headquarters to Kifwa, and Mengi came with us. He was now a young man.

One day his brother came to sell some chickens to us (we were now twenty-four miles nearer Mengi's village) and Mengi recognized him. He came and told Fred that he had found his brother and asked for a knife to give as a present to his brother. Soon after, Mengi went to his village, about ten miles to the south of Kifwa. He was given a grand reception by his parents and all the rest of his family who had not seen him for years. After some time he came back and asked Fred for books, etc., for he wished to teach his people. Thus he started the good work in his own village.

The Catholics tried to persuade Mengi to come and work for them when they decided to place a catechiste in his village, but Mengi refused. Because of their unfriendliness Mengi chose another place to preach, Mbomba village, some distance from his home. Then the Catholics sent soldiers and tied Mengi up because he refused to become Catholic, but when the officer saw them bringing Mengi he commanded them to release him and said that he could worship as he chose. Every month Mengi came to attend the preparatory school at Kifwa and to receive his allowance, bringing with him anyone who confessed conversion and had been taught the religion of Jesus Christ. A younger brother was the first convert brought in. Then he come with four others and later with six more. All these were baptized. Mengi was married to a nice Christian girl whom he taught to read and write so that she might be able to help him in the work for his Master.

M. M. Frederickson

There is a land I have not seen;
There is a path I have not trod;
There seems to be a gulf between
I cannot span by thought or dream;
That path is known alone to God.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

OUR MUD HOUSE

Let me tell you about our mud house. Living in one is much pleasanter than I ever dreamed it could be. In fact we have enjoyed our house. It is quite cozy.

When I say that our floors and walls are only mud, I imagine you will think: how can such a house be cozy? I will tell you why. The walls are white-washed and the floors are covered with mats made here in Congo. Some mats are more than ten feet square so it does not take many to cover the whole floor. When the mats wear out we add another layer of new ones. Table legs and chair legs are hard on mats, but they are not as hard on mats as bed legs. We put blocks of wood under the bed legs to save the mats and to keep the beds standing straight, not lopsided. I like the pattern weave of the mats. They make a clean pleasant floor covering.

On the outside our mud walls are covered with a certain palm frond called mafungwa. The fronds are split mid-rib then placed rib to rib in such a way that one only sees the mid-ribs. The leafy parts of the palm fronds are underneath up against the wall and they protect the mud walls from being destroyed by rain. Because our house, on the outside, is covered in this way, we do not need verandas all around the house. And so we have more light and air on the inside.

Yes, our house is full of light and air except when there is a storm. Then we have to close the windows. Ours windows are only wooden shutters so we must light a lamp or wait until the storm is over.

The roof of our house is made with sticks and grass. The rafters are young trees. The thatch is tied on to the sticks with vines. It is laid on very heavily. The thickness of the roof thatch measures eleven inches. The house is not very attractive from the outside, but now we have vines and flowers growing a little everywhere so I think it is attractive even from the outside.

We have a funny ceiling in our house. It is made of native sleeping mats. It has one drawback and that is that it is not tight enough to keep fine dust from sifting through. There are borers in the rafters which scatter fine wood dust all the time.

The greatest danger, however, is fire. These grass and mud houses are about as easy to set on fire as a straw stack. A week ago we had a fire in our cook house, which is located about four steps from the house. Teachers and students and cooks all came running to help put out the fire. Everybody grabbed a basin, pail or dish pan and carried water. We threw the water on the roof but it only reached the lower edge of the fire. I was so excited I could only say, "On top, on top". The next time I came back with some water two men were on top pulling out the burning thatch. When the fire was out they all laughed. In their excitement they had run against one another and spilled more water on each other than on the fire. They looked as though they had just had a water fight.

For many years our missionaries have lived in mud houses and they have had many experiences with fire and lightning. We are glad that we now have one permanent residence at Moanza which has cement floors and an iron roof. Cement and iron won't burn. We hope it will not be too long before there will be enough permanent houses for all the missionaries.

Ruth Engwall

STATION NEWS

BANZA MANTEKE

From Banza Manteke's report for 1939 we take the following: "Statistics show that 180 men and 270 women were baptized during the year. 49 men and 42 women were restored to church membership and 10 men and 10 women were received from other churches. On the other hand 25 men and 118 women were expelled during the year, 22 men and 53 women died and 4 men and 3 women were transferred to other churches, leaving a total gain of 266 in church membership for the year.

"We are unable to report in full the native church contributions for the year but as far as we have them they amount to 33,775 francs (about $1150.00). This is an increase of 2196 francs over last year. In addition 6504 francs were paid in tuition fees. An unusually large number of brick church and school buildings have been erected in the villages, and on regional school sites, and a considerable amount of money and labor have been given on these which are not included in amounts stated.

"Some changes for the better have taken place in our school work. A greater interest is being taken in village schools, which are at the beginning of all our educational work, and increasing effort is being made to make suitable provision for these schools. There has been a slight decrease in the total enrollment in our ten regional schools, which are supported entirely by the church, but this is not due to a lack of interest but rather to higher standards and a more careful selection of pupils. So far we have been able to make provision for boys only in these schools but

we are looking forward to having girls as well.

"For some time we have had a superintending evangelist who spends most of his time in visiting villages and in helping out with the church work there. This year for the first time we have placed one of our finest and best trained young men to assist in village and regional school work. It is a part of his task to stimulate interest in parents and pupils, promote the erection of more and better school buildings and the procuring of more adequate school supplies, to help teacherless villages to make provision for and procure teachers, to encourage poorly fitted teachers and help them to do better work, and above all to implant a desire for the Word of God which is able to make wise unto salvation.

"In spite of lack of staff and funds and the changed conditions and attitudes which prevail in both country and people and the destructive influences of war abroad, the work goes on. We hope that both missionaries and native Christians, and Christian people in the homeland as well, will continue to do their utmost to bring in the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ in Congoland."

KIKONGO

The Shadow of Peter

Back in New Testament times some people had faith that the shadow of Peter falling on a sick person could remove the sickness. The natural result was many sick and lame bodies along the street where Peter walked. We are still surrounded by people who believe that things much less faith-inspiring than Peter's shadow can heal them. One of the greatest needs of the people here in Congo is a sure, and reasonably priced, medical service. The government medical service is doing an admirable piece of work, but all too many of the native popu-

lation still patronise the local healers. The average native likes to consider himself clever in beating some one else in a deal. Even so, most of them consider that you are apt to get what you pay for. Therefore a series of injections for sleeping sickness given for nothing by the state medical service is less efficient than a monkey skin full of dirt, prepared by the local medical practicioner, and paid for through the nose.

In carrying on medical work, all these beliefs and practices have to be taken into account. We have to prove that we can do a better job than the witch doctor. We have to provide medicine at a price that the native can afford to pay without making it a gift, and thus of questionable value. Our Kikongo station has been fortunate from the very start in that we have enjoyed the confidence of the native people. Except for a few months, we have never had the service of a resident doctor, but most of the time we have had competent medical workers. Before the first temporary building had even been started, medical work was carried on under the shade of trees. The work has continued to grow in quantity and in quality throughout the ten years of Kikongo's history.

It was our joy to dedicate the first permanent building of the hospital in March of this year. The money for the unit was provided by Dr. Willis F. Pierce of California, and the building bears his name. One of our school boys said to me one day, "This hospital is not only founded on a rock, it has also many Bibles in its foundation." That should make a splendid foundation for any building. The remark was called forth by the fact that many of our school boys wanted to buy Bibles. They had no cash, but they did have some spare time. I suggested that they carry up rock from the many little streams that suround our mission station. I would weigh the rock

and give them credit until such time as the necessary amount was on hand for the purchase of a new Bible. At first it looked a big task, but after the first boy received his Bible, the others were greatly inspired. We estimate that there are fifty tons of rock in the foundation and half of them represent Bibles.

The building contains a clinic, dispensary, private examination room, drug room, laboratory, storeroom, and a surgical unit with a room for sterilizing and the actual operating room.

The dedication was held at Easter time because many of the native church members from all over the district could then be present. We also had as guests a state doctor and his wife, Dr. Witt from Moanza station and Mr. and Mrs. Watkins of Leopoldville. On Saturday morning a pageant was presented in front of the hospital showing the different kinds of work carried on by the mission — evangelistic, educational and agricultural, and then the medical. This last was the story of the Good Samaritan adapted to local conditions. Great was the applause when the man who had fallen among robbers was triumphantly carried to the new hospital at Kikongo and there made well. The boy who took that part was actually a patient in the hospital and was waiting for the coming of Dr. Witt. She later performed a successful operation on him, and he did return home well and happy.

Mr. Watkins gave a felicitous little welcome speech in French, the state doctor responded, first in French, then in the native dialect. Then he distributed gifts to the lepers in the mission leper camp, while his wife gave out articles of clothing to orphans and other destitute children. Some of these garments she had made herself, others had been made by school children in Belgium. Mrs. Smith's native choir rendered good music. The head mason

presented the keys of the hospital to Miss Anderson because she is in charge there; and she in turn gave one each to the two doctors, representing the state and the mission medical service, as they will be coming from time to time to do surgical work. Dr. Witt stayed right on after Easter and did some fifty operations in the new surgery with the able assistance of Miss Anderson and the native infirmiers.

To complete the hospital, we still need a maternity ward, and wards for surgical cases, as well as for the ordinary sick folk. We need a small isolation ward, and permanent houses for the native staff. We have no doubt that these will be added as the years go by. Our Willis F. Pierce hospital is small, not too well staffed, and as yet incomplete. However, it is definitely a part of the ever lengthening healing shadow which emanated from our Lord, from Peter, and from all the faithful men and women who in the intervening years have given and are still giving themselves in loving service to suffering mankind.

B.W. Armstrong

SONA BATA

April 30th, twenty-five Boarding School boys received their diplomas. The address to the graduates was delivered by David Nsiata and the program closed with a candlelight service conducted by Mr. MacDiarmid.

Exercises for the third graduating class of the Sona Bata Medical School took place on the morning of May 11th. We were privileged to have with us Monsieur Moulin, Territorial Administrator; Dr. Indekeu, representing the provincial doctor; Rev. and Mrs. Coxill; Dr. Mabie and Miss Ehnbom.

Following prayer and scripture reading by Dr. Mabie, addresses were given by Monsieur Moulin in French,

Rev. Coxill in Lingala and André Nkusu in Kikongo. Dr. Indekeu presented the State diplomas while Rev. MacDiarmid presented those of the Mission to the seven candidates who had completed the five year course. Two of this number were from Banza Manteke while five were from the Sona Bata field. We were happy to graduate six girls from the school for Aides-Accoucheuses (midwifery). These are the first girls from Sona Bata to have this distinction. This gives them the right to practice midwifery in the villages and we trust that they will always use their skill for the advancement of His kingdom.

On the Sunday evening following graduation Dr. Mabie conducted a very impressive consecration service. When the time came to decide where the new graduates should be stationed we were pleased with the fine attitude shown. Two volunteered to go to Tondo, our most distant station. One of these was chosen to go there, some went to the Banza Manteke field, others are filling posts in the Sona Bata field.

The Women's School, largely composed of the infirmiers' wives, was closed the last week in May. This had been conducted by Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. MacDiarmid and Miss Tice, with two of the nurses and two school girls assisting. We feel that it was a very profitable year. Many of the women made real progress. Each day was begun with a short devotional service. The class work consisted not only of the three R's, but also of Bible, hygiene, home nursing and sewing. Many of the women felt that they could never learn to sew. To encourage them a hand machine was purchased. This was made possible by gifts from friends in the homeland. Though sewing on the machine seemed an impossible feat to some of the women, the little garments which they made showed them that it was not and helped to give them more self-confidence.

At the beginning of the year the women were asked to make a few articles for the hospital, making them feel that they could do something to add to the comfort of those who were suffering, They all seemed happy to do something for someone else, which was the lesson we were trying to teach. Following that project they made pillow slips and table covers, and little dresses and suits for their children.

At the close of school their husbands were invited to attend a short session during which one woman held the devotional service, others told about their various classes, some applied bandages. Their text books, note books and sewing were on display. The men were especially interested in the sewing. They were pleased to see what their wives had accomplished throughout the year. There was a similiar display graduation day when the village people had the opportunity of seeing the progress which these women had made. Many commented on the good work which they had done.

Through the generosity of a friend in Redlands, California, the MacDiarmids are at last going to have a new house. The old house, except for the rafters, was originally built of European lumber. When the station was moved from Kifwa to Sona Bata in 1906 the house was torn down and reconstructed on the new site. The white ants must have welcomed this newly imported food supply, for by 1929 they had so honeycombed the whole structure that it was condemned by the building committee. Only the rafters of native mahogany have withstood the onslaught of these pests.

The Preparatory School building is serving as a temporary residence. As soon as two rooms were vacated the carpenters began tearing down ceilings and walls, and pulling up the floors. Most of the boards were badly

eaten; many were nothing but hollow shells of paint. To help the carpenters, lady members of the staff pulled off several wall boards with their bare hands. Not much strength had to be exerted.

The problem of construction is a real one. Rafters and roofing are all that can be salvaged. Removal of the old iron would damage it so as to make it useless. How to keep the roof intact and demolish the rest of the building was a problem. Dr. Tuttle, who has offered to do the building, has solved this by propping up one section of the roof at a time and building up the brick walls room by room. The materials being cement, brick and hard wood, the new house will be white ant proof.

Because of the difficulty, due to present conditions, in securing supplies, at the request of the State our medical work has been drastically curtailed. Only emergency surgery is now being done. This request came just after Dr. Tuttle had performed twelve operations at Sona Bata and thirty at Banza Manteke — all in less than one week's time. It was indeed difficult to tell many who were still waiting for surgery that they must return to their villages without receiving the help to which they had been looking forward.

In May the staff was very happy to welcome to its midst Dr. and Mrs. Russell of England and the B.M.S., now stationed at Tondo, who spent a part of their honeymoon at Sona Bata.

Other visitors to Sona Bata during recent weeks have been: Miss Nelson and Miss Lundine of Karawa, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Miss Broom of Kibentele, Mr. and Mrs. Geil and Miss Ehnbom of Banza Manteke, Miss Eldredge of Tondo, Miss Shephard of Vanga, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins of Moanza, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Mr. Morrish of Kimpese and Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Leopoldville.

Dr. and Mrs. Freas left on May 8th for furlough. They sailed from San Antonio on a Portuguese steamer. We were glad to hear that they had arrived safely in Lisbon and had secured passage on the Clipper. Miss Youngsman, who had been ill at Sona Bata for several months, also left May 8th, to return to her work at Banza Manteke.

Miss Satterberg has just spent nearly four weeks out in the villages doing recensement work. Now Miss Anderson is away on an extended trip through the Bamfunika and Bambeko fields as well as the rest of our district.

Mildred Tice

RETIRED MISSIONARY DECORATED

Mrs. Mathilde M. Frederickson, author of "The Frederickson' Diaries" which appear from time to time in our little paper, has been decorated by King Leopold with the rank of Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne in recognition of 35 years of unselfish devotion to duty and great service rendered Belgium as a medical missionary to the Belgian Congo.

Mrs. Frederickson, a native of Norway, was studying to become a missionary and join her sister in China when Mr. Frederickson, a native of Denmark, on a furlough and lecture tour of England, Denmark and Norway, met her. She changed her mind about going to China, married him and went to Congo instead.

Mrs. Frederickson's decoration is dated just 10 years after the death of her husband who was decorated by King Albert with the rank of Knight of the Royal Order of the Lion in 1921 for his 41 years of service in the Congo. Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson retired from active service in 1924 and bought a home in Pasadena where Mrs. Frederickson still lives at 964 North Sierra Bonita.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Dr. Dorothea Witt

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

TONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)

VANGA

Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Grace Cooper
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas